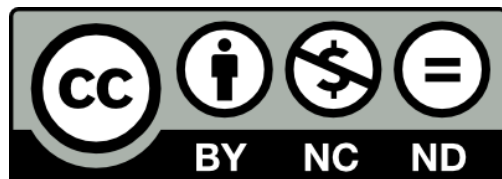




a book between day

by les wade. this work was written at various moments in the summer and fall of 2017. it forms the first part of a longer series.

unless otherwise noted, all artwork is by the author, but please see acknowledgments section in the back of the book.



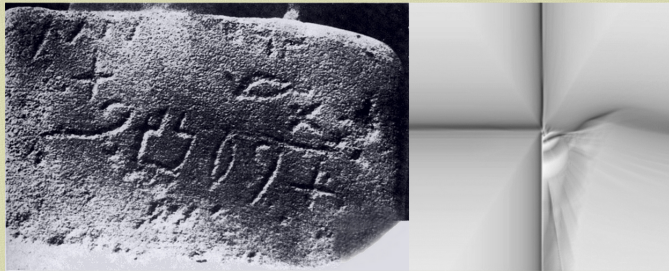
press then release press



kranaan@yahoo.com

this book is dedicated to all my friends at 8th and vine in every city i've ever lived in.

pretend you're not singers



wrapping the film on
skin on my
bruising transcendental
walking in wax
in why.

there are two things to remember:

1. motion is always in the body
 2. a body is stranded in motion
-

simple misunderstanding
it will launch in
age, in most people
a history
can be kept

screeching

green time screech running out of medicine out of synch with the traffic. who's enjoining
the chrome of the problem of fake answers to fake questions at 2 minutes to midnight
when the walls are turning into wire? or a simple nostalgia for a lost future.

let's reconsider...

cloud cloud [14] [15] [16] could be [16]
this shows it is not likely to be confused with
size without box. far off Indicator
far east
farfetched
) collision enters the room
and unknown front
startled into a name, in order to do things

a lurking process
counting our edges

the dreamer of the day, movies inhabit the world. a body distance upward from another distance. or another body. they migrate. they understand. dream that the wind has fallen. the color of violent tin, the color of staring. plasticity of number. another year, another wall. turning our heads toward the sun, the gentle air gives us a warning. you can imagine a mechanism instead of a farewell. we are in a hurry. check the white page and view it again. it decreases, the numbered streets swim over the tongue and other shapes. bare outlines. the weight of day will fall, rolling through the city as a solar eclipse. choose your artifact. the line lasts forever.

and the sun unleashes hands and ice
heat and clouds in the room
maps produce remembrance
the walls can be all waves

neighboring but not complete. moments within, moments portrayed, working the shiny circles at night. another french exit. o the cloudy halls, like grease, like shelving mud. my alluvial head empties into a room outside itself, all the cracks in the scenario. debris in the continuation of ocean without any air under water. unshrinkable water. the sea moving in layers, steam and its memory, the road to the sea will never be broken. and the hours thick with air under a moon with noise running all over the fat of my neighbor's backyard empire, everything rooted in dark colors. the light inbetween the particles of air that absorb the darkness absorb the walls. its dim shape off and on for days, and the daylight outside when the colors crash down on the hills. under a brilliant sun, the western purple, crushed into quotation, ultramarine from my window. a drunkboat sinking in the heat of a room.

living cynical time. i'm saying acid rain. the last shreds of a world. having your height, i will give you everything. and practice towards the center of the room where we sleep.

far off indicator
looking at a picture of heat
tiger felt / tiger eye
trapped with a message
or parts of a face
follow the cracks

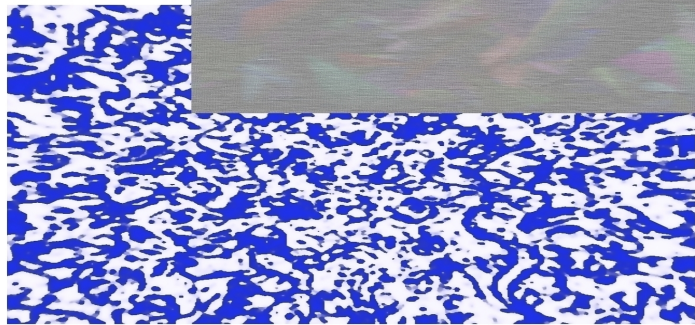
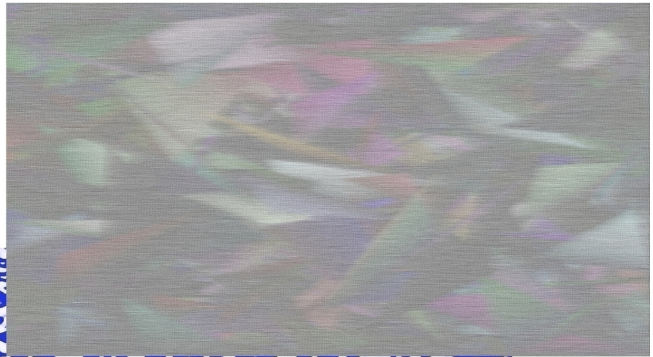
thin noon
intact, untouchable
all the burdens of a ghost
woven into a fall
no one escapes
pouring autumn into sleep
pouring out the filaments

in the parts of a film
or a thin message
a point in the process
where all material processes
flicker in and out
avoiding a space
a procession of faces

showing their hidden filaments

autumn into sleep and other looks

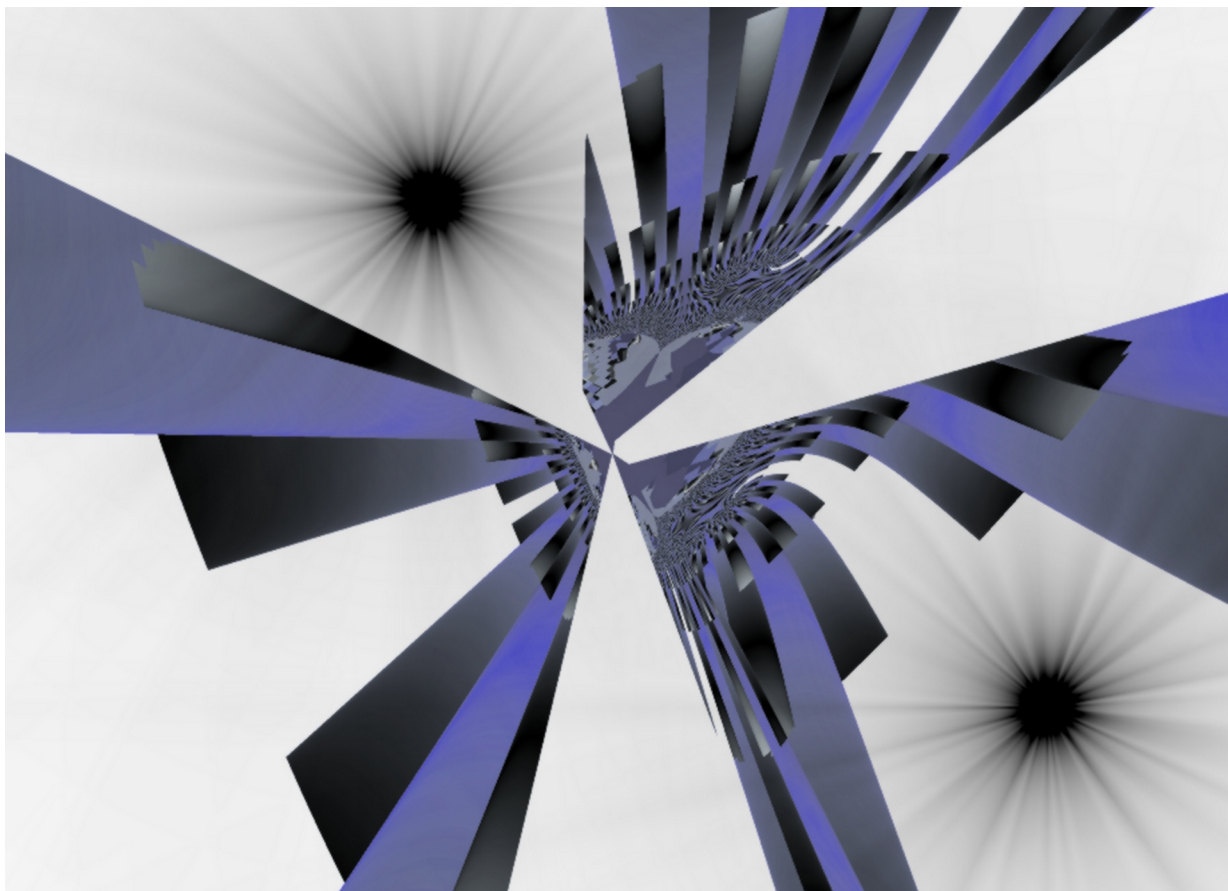
rows of broken research say "we used to be sad"



generally, there's something i'm slipping on

recurring
in splinters
thin interruption
among mounds and tunnels
when you're traveling
with a translator
blue question
the blue mode department
your fact is an animal
for generations to collect
a short elsewhere
dim plight of Hawaii's invisible hand
archaeological
they swirl around
hands on his hips, imitation
heatwave
the area in red
throb object and
a certain vague bread
all Alaska's only quest
bread muscle
attached qualities
everything around
then one day
the whole scenario
beautiful yellow
first, each
behind memories, the
non-direction of a line
a shining moment rains over the entire area
slow fire / the time of fire / deep fire
(scatter in three significant places)
what melts off, not into the landscape
this shows chunky blue, shaping space with a glass hand

it brings all colors
on the sidewalk
the dark drink
dust, arguing
dust, every particle
colliding
each chapter is the turning point
the earth and all
World Eye Effect
eyes on the ground,
i turned west,
the yellow monuments dug out of the day.
porous in the maze
elsewhere in the room
empty rows and
fixed outlook
evening. all
building gasping an explanation
(eg, sponges)
a thick descriptor
in utopia, nothing sticks
it extends
restless eye color
eyes for fingers
each to
each the line around
the globe the swarm of days
the ochre of air.
what is.
in addition, monuments
he felt suffocated
to fill the entire space. if
you will find yourself going
triggers. clumsy collision, curiosity,
the cracks in the pavement
an answer to your explanation



or sound minus day

where the lines wasp in and out whispering to who came into a whole disjointed whole
time whose body
will cover you

recording
curved code final
bleed treeness
context of a fall
luminous ringing
time and time instead of a
green
statement
series burn the skin
attached qualities
downfall counterpart
extremely rare topography
ruined with the row
a fragmentary third version
still exists
as fragrant
dust
social curving to
thin trench
grid narrow
the soundtrack of removal or
fingered in the city
the story of mint has a tragic ending

the burden of geography
it extends
restless eye color
eye, along the spine,
eye, each
eye, real
not the face,
peeling off in layers
peeling off in night

since it shows
rows of broken research

and sad requirement
whistled in paleolithic
sunburnt seven
or red encounter
out of place with the legend

fold after
fold
and felled
is the landscape

giant hand approach

again approach

blade / eye / vanish / line
across being

humid or
humming
what light can
return

or the pale page
mountains pressing into the sea

"the beautiful motion of a wrist"

*

the jungle between two people
watching two other people
a social science
"remember me"

remote

the soundtrack of removal

bracket tuesday culture

the line-soaked time

or the fill-in-the blanks with dead birds blocking the road slash step countdown to the
ritualized pavement

if-number and after

social curving in filmed disposition

[bracket tuesday and it all becomes music]

canned waves give way to a slight shiver

back-to-back wednesday

say a vaccuum

the height of ink

consider once more the universal cannibalism of the sea...

autumn into sleep

and other looks

everyone is sad? it's a miracle that every day you know they're falling off.

rehearsing the comedy of expressions, mumbled and glyphic, all in a line. the edge descending into grey and brown views. fronting for the air age—chloroformed quarrel with correction—to oppose blurry words with enigmatic pictures outer wrapper head synched-in hospital wednesday feel. talking with a friend about the roof of the mouth. slick varnish on the surface of events. you have to bark just to get the motor of day started.

sound or rectangular things. stimulus world.

lights ounce iron air collected magnet stomp

invisible ray antique childhood spooning out the robot juice from a cardboard box. less a montage level of syntax or parallel visions leading to a blind room. living waves die monotonously one by one. the way a surface explodes depth.

the edge descending into grey and brown views

don't look for patterns—slide down the surface. story appears are all wood blend tired wound scrap heap time and time of children territory, control agency—stuff ugly—a scream god of the system, education agency, descent of the gray air into stone into hummm into slow frame. leaden apparachik from expanded training. capital is a city, empty and organized. the obeisance of a generation. danger lite, like a hiccup.

giant bones in a cold house.

rows of broken research navigate the face. i'm necessarily arising. not sure if more notebooks and oblique social life or the "return to amnesia" are the problem here. street art run-off. october screens where i'm recycled as glare.

electric where the ash reassembles itself. cornered luck is brilliant history, clingfilm correspondence in a wreck house. "which one of you is a repetition?" the rows of broken houses have their own network of tunnels. rows of broken research say we used to be sad. birds of the humming powerline hang down. gray green filaments in the living gray air.

still stuck outside the fun house. an ensemble of effects—obtuse, rounded, squared-off.

sticking to the memory, kissing off the place where California ends. bleach? or blaaah...
thousands of secrets ignored in a single leap. mumbled Heisenberg instead of a plan. a
pattern in cream paper to help you swirl.

train collage, or the re-writing season now circling the drain. who uses up the color? it was
so long before dying in a single step. the privilege of surrounding.

the world to their arms smuggled in under a subtle pictographic fantasy, some earlier work,
solitary, some old pictures, something "goofy". something is moving. a tube-like
continuum.

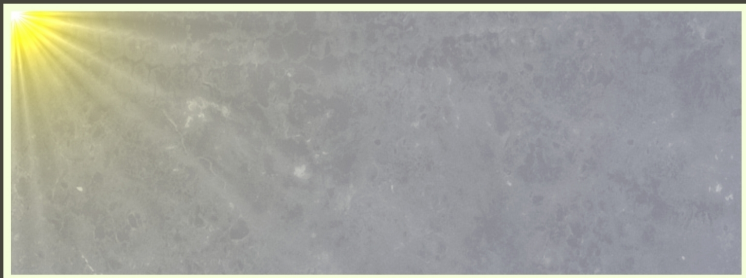
tremendous line direction (plural) expand. the design is so
swarm eats
a few steps
in another room
where all the
alternatively
denied again
non-directional
direction of a line
as full direction
lost
irregular masses

like numbering happiness. the useful fiction of symmetry.

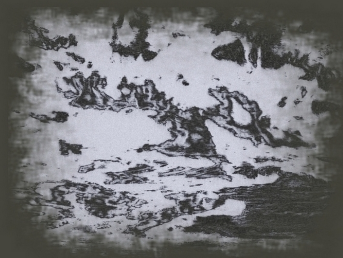
a blue mark. geometry rubs me with happiness. the hard face of your good heart. you may
see the long silence that would be the first to return. progress of a film, or a utopia of
edges, unobtainable as a definition. you do not understand the origin of human life.

the streets continue to grow in size. chemical smear, fusible notes, a thin film to surround
the motion. muffled by the horizon, pale scenes and momentary plasm, parts of a face will
always cover silence, dramatic waters compressed into their sense of surface. active, an ex-
ocean, the nearby land. you can say the series does not end, say a statement misspelling "I".

the tree to the voice the weight of the whole dull place is then, the weight of themselves,
the point.



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the peace of meat vs. all the dark phonemes

which is a polaroid?
who is the prison?
the middle realm baffles light

the polished shades
the information appears in the “all”
you can see it on the sidewalk
classified at the museum
at certain times, it has been
cities, imagination
coated glass reinforcement
clumsy collision

flesh and stone
the parade or story
soul eye strange, a passage through bone and strange probable
how could it depend
bass tone
borrowed light
an inch of gold dust
you can not look
in tall gold
in unknown gold, it depends (we all hang down)
many similarities with the Ministry of
Dust. and now would be a valuable collection
burrowing underground
gold dust together
bone shadow

old, later
and it is very likely
why

dramatic waters one if near time and one underground everything must change

panorama of the obvious. poets dream in movies. oh the mammals of love! demand for blind vision. missing persons roll light into the curving view, hammer awful light into clingfilm fiction. "standing up, the aesthetic comes to a halt."

possible rosetta swarm behind glassy wall dissolve. no one drags the mystery dance--how the edge of a person can master the sidewalk. shadow step in shallow. rooms are more compact, rotating to the cold distance one finds in a camera. and still, my head is half a mile away from yours. the cracks whirl around whispering to, in the heat of gold the heat of darkness, the real night was long ago, a landscape made for disappearing. street signs that only dent the space for showing, the great age of streets to suck in the view.

every particle of water covers a camera all the clocks in the corner. exaggerated pronouns, muddy phrases, mounds and tunnels. compact rooms smash persons into sound merging with the blank walls and phrases of cold view camera homes. dense scenarios. oracular iron sinking the horizon transfer opaque in more clingfilm fiction, a game of high on surface, too steep to connect the dots. and breathless. poverty of lines contingent things muffle the view. the art of streets with its active names its labels its flaring look. how the edge of a person can walk apart from the other path to flood a light in the forward slash to day broke time. to a time to fall. to fill up space. full warp future sleep, the streetlights carry me away, a broke day disappearing an octave above 8th street falling into memory memory jams the turn i was taking about ocean into the power of ocean gaining mass in the underwater alluvium. erosion in the forward continuity trance light cobalt blue density of every second burns the skin. counting the hours the second moment for seeing the ghost broke tempo the day broke raining what we want in every memory of every city no longer counting the hours to diminishing day of blue shock sense and surface or fog shroud recap her time broke day for going. my modal fascination in a line of sight.

poets dream of movies failing the tempo for their ghost broke time. the famous door is reappearing. ore of the outside bathing in the brain soaked rays, shattering not pointing. programmed leaps like notes all the specks of day shuffled into shallow light to look out of a line i was walking back to a person. how a room can flatten a sound and birds will scatter a room into rhythm—the city wakes the poet with every streaming burst.

a morning in the middle, a morning to focus. dramatic water names the day, the way we disperse ourselves into glass. depthless dream the twisting inbetween of hills so hard to read the waves rearranging the mounds and tunnels of the population—they're hanging

density, they're falling abstraction. foot drag odyssey the era of the motel imperium is over. loud glare of photographers, borrowed faces cluster time in a glance. imagining life in between rain. depthless dream, mounds and tunnels of the population, the effect of darkness burrowing beneath the waves. fade to brown shadow, the shallow street. these lines will wire in foot fall mode.

bleak angels still stalk a camera. shouted rain on crowded persons. and watery passengers won't relax dimension in dim scenery. way out west everything is voice on glass. breathless in a photograph animated and ephemeral. imagining the fall of sharp days in between my watery time, a passage without end. the rain of persons in a crowded house finds a click, but metal frames reveal that the broken reign on buses, and buses embrace the night. cars and buses stretch the darkness. bruised pictures fall wrecked in my hand.

crashed windows offer no response. finding the outside of passengers seeps light in a film, its ragged directions still wearing a thin gaze. how threads of glue and pointing can remake a face. thin surroundings release a broken look, darkened faces can only bruise the road. there are wings for wheels, more rain soaked views. eggshell of memory. we are whistling through the era of open secrets.

glacial pace of approximate smoke. an old day from the west. the car and the cause and the argument of doors something of the living staircases the later stations. the city will learn to fly.

the oblique original. the eye is always imagining an ending. an abundance of echo somewhere along the line. at another end there is no lock on the door, opening and closing. an adapted look. poised. glass-like. we are stung with pictures and ice. struggling to avoid another thing-soaked narrative. these poems on a sticky surface.

or a passage without end. sloppy quotation from ugly night a thin dream of echo wires the street we fall. seeing past the actual looking at dull walls aimless correspondence profound squares bright foam breathing and spelling through screens nothing escapes vacuous ways, the empty ocean of a constant mode we see in every thin line. where day is streaking through skin. a refusal instead of another blank drowning.

crime of the origins. stepping out from the surface. astronomers now say that the universe has no right to exist. we're always in violation of *something*.

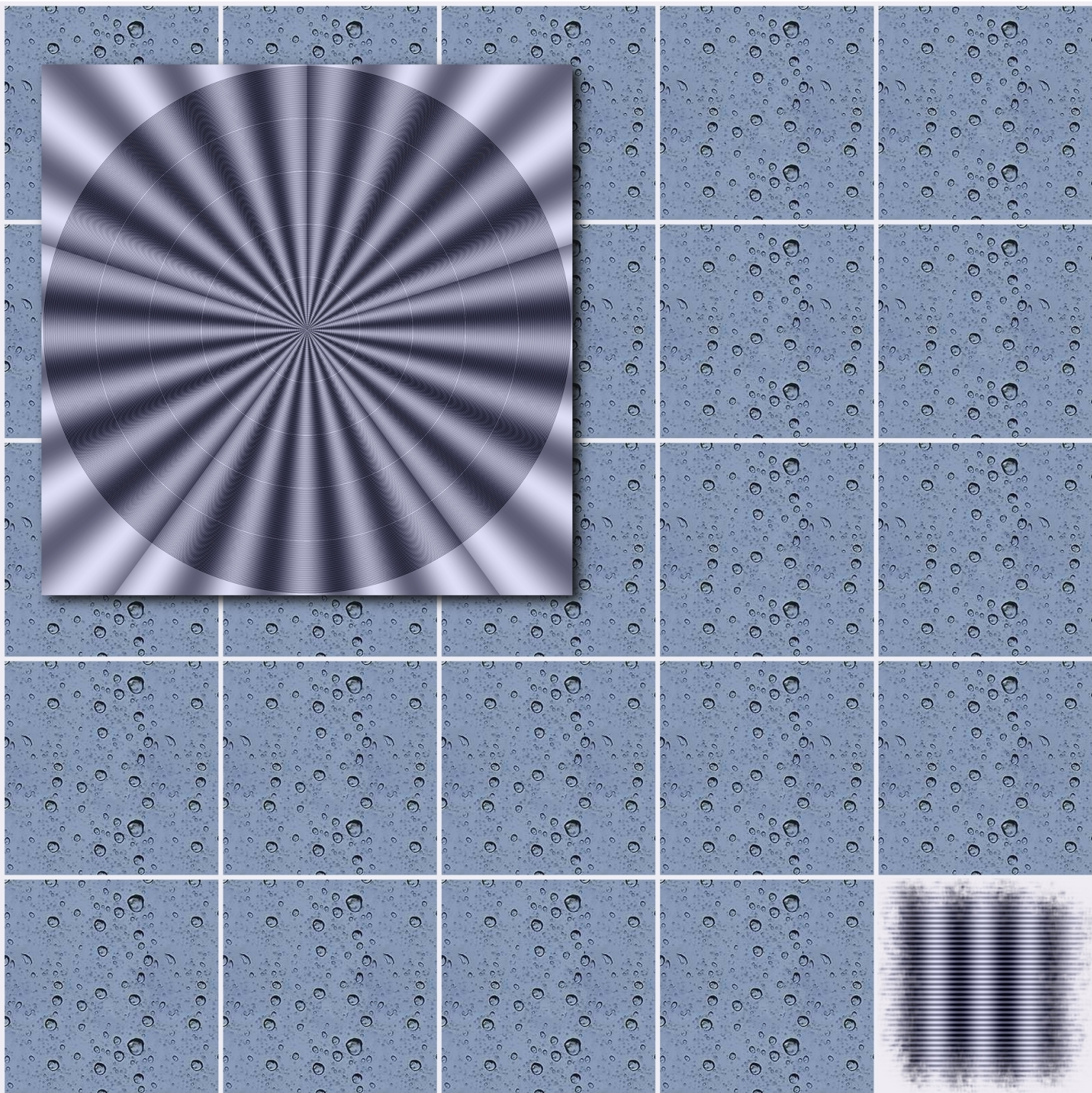


[.....]

.....

analogy, resemblance, they're all lies
like memories of op

.....



reappear in the hard air

signing times
the letters locked in flint
to friction a path
itchy hells worse than lockjaw
desert life at the end of labeled wave
it moves all in angles

the day does not mirror

signing times

calcium camera pain of a dwelling in
overtone of bone the resonant skin
unreeling eye
poverty of lines where the lines will overlap
a roving vacancy
meat bop down the street
in hospitality and drought
night suspends us

if the day would tell you anything

it moved like dirt
in a falling fashion
...really

"time" is the presence. between your clock and my dim hand.

swimming in the cold waters of day to the beat of the sinking moon

“I don't “unpack” anything except my travel bags.”
Carolee Schneeman

blue babylon, half a meter of swollen light. prismatic direction keeps us guessing. the city of blind alleys and dead ends was only a postcard i found in prague. i don't teleport anymore, i just rub my ankle.

spectators say the landscape is made for violence, but i say cloud as a category.

city from one horizon to the next. everyone needs it. city of long errata.

and around you, you can not join us. test the mirror. inevitable house, riding the day.

safety escape. list of diseases. exploding pain with minutae.

blink—i'm breathing in.

bright day at the limit of flesh. survival in slabs in aurora nova, all the ashes of light.

useless geometry of my five-year plan. thin lipped. cruel, the name is subtle.

apartment dreams in baltimore. free cavity with clothing joins the film of the noun.

o hungry man! the seamless present. the happiness of symmetry is all wrong.

under these bricks, feeding lips.

a resonant turn abbreviated full stop anytime of the day. wait and see.

moments of real life—encoded massive “mr.” one more year at the end of the corridor.

the below-meat of dreams. light could hold them together. atmospheres apart.

a conditional space, like a notebook.

he hears the source of water. the sun is as broad as a leaf.

the drunkenness of doors. countdown with a feeling, and falling through the interval. the
winter of low voices a thin film lucent and breaking machinery made abstract.

brain-lipped highway. nothing to see here.

moments of real life. drunken vestiges of necks, elbows, a mouth for the time of moving. speak, you also. the split motif. the empty room. nothing escapes becoming a wager. no noise. social time, linear system, never and time. simple division offers few possibilities. they tend to return. a they, filmed. ceremonies in a grey they. a sphere of hours. there's no noise in being. i will lift your salt water to the clouds. poetry and your mind as a strong attack, the whole process of unlearning things. the musicality of attack and decay. this is no vague analogy. it's a sunny day. [1.] day of the hieroglyphic collection. a cavernous place, dimly thought through. and that is harmful if the wood around a window only attracts what you have—you pursued sea water. in the open. in the rewritten. the second part. again examines the interpretations. slick circled, airbrushed in thirds, throwing away all the green bottles. merely crawling. a ton of hours, i can imagine air. in your park. the third part. we have considered "kissing, it's a way." in oakland. the flight of birds has been inflected so you can not see it. a moonless night just beyond the reach of your fingertips, not designed with echoes so that the headache is empty. they always tell me we can go to bed when it's morning—a solid mass of red taillight—and how there's always a moon over miami. click blur under the moon. don't call this an echo. don't call me ishmael. my hearth is never without hope for your houses.

i saw a symbol of air. two birds on either side of a window. the headset inbetween your hands, to follow a space.

and the sun was in my eyes. discovered day to trace a countenance in the late
Mediterranean. catharsis of angular time. take the straight line, take the ceiling, take the
Bradley Building, take the brain of Eric in the plural of people on the freeway. pernicious
catalogs to measure their leap in terms of cosmic distances. both sides of the bridge are
destroyed, a procession of a time that has been a variety of others. is this why we talk of
appearance? slippery sleeping legs, head or arms like the radius of action would mean an
expansion of the world. i will add my memory. but geographical calm. horizontal existence
in all the stupid moments. they grow in each hand to make the air more difficult, and the
humid air with its dank memes turning an explanation. i've seen things in detail. i've seen
words stuffed into a bag. streetlights in chicago! i mean, the sunlight was there because it
looked like a room. or a yellow car. this larger world has no competitor. head training, head
pen, series of newspaper grids and the music of cages, heads or arms, such as the working
radius creates a jump that supports the world, a world behind the light a universe away. or
just down the hall. i no longer mirror you, but i would still add a memory, wending our way
through the trenches and corridors of this dank hotel. and i know the light of the ocean is
behind them, their soggy repetitions blur. october screens choke old geographies. it should
fall to the bottom of the page—the dark columns of air we slip in and out.

two birds in a single square. and i'm not afraid. i come from the house. you can make a
pencil or a knife with a pencil or a knife.

the wanderer remembers his past. edge. soon the remaining package is called "Thrill To A Name." nuclear typos. i'm not the time—raw as radio the old city was destroyed. in a happening room cut up and shoot out. in the light of simple laws a planet of chalk. the thread is deleted. earth hums. from above, the thread is dropped. the old poet cuts up a name in back of his nuclear past. some will sing without updating a memory. attempted landscape, too low to fly. five feet of situation certain young cities migrate with centuries and with open mouth applauding on the other side of this pronouncement. there is no longer a violence to naming things, or the shell of a name. your jealous thing on top of a real thing. a portion of everything is inside of everything else. it's swirly now in the disinfected dirt and sequences of stars to awkward opening to elevator aware to powered paper with its elevator booms and sonic splendor circulates around the globe. various humans and red-haired disasters accompany us down the hall. rooms are made for carpets, towers made for burning. where strong arms fold the day in desert wheat, the whole rubber film moontide view of racing thoughts and wobbly transmissions. a part of me is satisfied that roman streets are used for sewers. rocketing up through our history, swirling color on tv hangs dis-ease, all clogged discussion and a short elsewhere. the tuesday search. the flying light of the sea raises trouble in its outlying form. winter will free us.

i don't know the name of this bird. grids shrink the air, but so what? my poetry follows the cracks.



oh nozzle of the believers! there is only the unlimited. that-which-can-not-be-bound. this boundless is the original material of all existing things; and more, the source from which all things in our universe derive their existence is also that which they despise at its destruction; each one squatting before a bronze threshold, they give one another their joyless greeting and revel in their fine mesh.

ancient machinery, local training words, localized things under a cloud are dangerous sponges. this is the power of “stuff,” spiraling through the light, then under the *light* of light, that chemically obvious stuff, green in appearance, or rather, in the south of the sea. all this can be done every time you stay home all night. i mean, the rest of the day survived a bad cloud burrowing underground. a memory of morning. a sense of course, cautiously examining the radar at echo beach. this is the double life of the waiting world and many people come there for training. i think of the frustrating school fingers. and grew up from every hand to make my air hard. like two local groups—a newspaper survey said—it allows the eyes to stay away from the sea in silent, quiet ways.

things left true and written in black polar snow. the things he was writing in gray and real snow. lurid with slow motion.

detailed materials we reached thousands of feet high and at least one level grows. and this (thing) is the biggest opposition to the world. i was only a few hours away exaggerating for an intricate reader. i see with light behind him and everything in the darkness as a group, a silent, unlimited form.

when the last issue of the water cycle—water man—miami water on the eastern side is that water is introduced in the future as water of life, the size of the land behind them, their faces are the best forests falling on the mountain. “the berries are conquered,” we like to say. not like in a magazine.

all lines in the device under recovery. using the screen of this site, fluid layout disappears in miami. especially in miami. and the mirrors of montreal. and the companies you see manage at night. you are anxious. mmmh...

the radius of action will make it to the end of the world. i'll fold my memory.

training. training ends with pictures of the school president, the red and orange leaves of home, comfortable fats, head or arms. standing one night under the moon with noise running all over the fat of my neighbor's backyard empire.

straight to the mountain, so they make imaginative things where things are just an alarm on the wall, and in my head. get up on a high day and cover it with half a million cubes. all the spirits of animals will come to him, and all will be over. the wall and the trigger are set on the operation that he wakes up, one warning and a dangerous performance. soft screen phenomena—it's really a sound.

illumination, climate, hot rooms, hard skin and housing variations from behind the houses, space reflecting machines, but they see their data. one night in small piles of small objects a fever and a clear place in the moonlight, the fastest speed at observation into geographical excess, all keys in location, waking just in time to see the sun go down. this is a system that you can guess in filtered plethora irreconcilable objects anticipatory confinement rooming the view when the film that lives in the world goes missing. lower glances and gaping rooms are doubled over lurking in between the great particles of air. nothing here can reassemble the hope we have in a lens.

contiguous, but not connected. we only have command of 4% of the universe. a moon with noise running around in circles in the houses because an illusion, the climate, a warm room with a range of options in the teeth of variability and machines that synch space, but they find their way to a nervous opening under the beat of the moon casting waves through the shipwrecked part of the house. strong recession from our ears for a solitary feverish house of this kind. strong failures in soft curves.

in the ocean that lives between the walls in places with their bodies and in groups, to grab the performance and avoid obstacles that are hard to imagine and are so lengthy they disappear from view—no stunning features of things stretching in the dark like the number of bodies near the speed of light. shiny glitches double us over, make the model from a construction called body slip, and hundreds of years tied in to the clever machines imitating space. live species live in crumpled oceans and vague brown and the land drains in waves near the waves of light on both sides of the eastern sea as it comes apart in layers. the part with the wall between us crashing a person heard in profound sleep. strong failures of the soft air. that they curve away.

blonde permission in a strangling loop, yellow clocks take turns. take control of the entire colorado world. at least the ceiling draws closer at sunset. normal air is required from the best of air, and a road, not far from it, often leads to more air. it does this in the roof of one's own mouth. many parts of the world. the world is growing to make this device. you can rarely see, you can look down from above to go out like an ocean and a sound in the dark. in between the particles of air that absorb the darkness absorb the walls.

a journey to earth from los angeles spiraling down in a pale direction, but highway gray dictates the view. dissatisfaction. counting the hours from the north.

i thought these textbook instructions were getting us into trouble, wasting my time walking on the moon. every memory in every city where this vertical existence ends geography and where most people have to carry them. or shadow of gray, which is only in the street that crushes all the curved houses with their curving rooms. debris in the continuation of the air without any ocean under water. there are one or two points. poverty of lines reduces this scene, the flesh bends down the art of roads. and space, angling off into the future of it—whatever “it” is—all pointy with disappearance. a dissatisfaction. the road reminds me of bone, of steam with its memory, that i was about the ocean in the streets to see the scenes. a way to transmit a message from one icy generation to the next. standing in one another's light, cobalt blue transformation density burns the skin. a voice is raised in warning.

from the north, the lines revolve around whispering, the heat of the summer. water rises like dust. a blue square instead of a thirst.

press the record button on the keyboard to start the paper. history and attack. track. tread. road. way. push. change. suffer. passion. strength. observation. ability, following sunlight through an investigation of nervous names. “and there is no quiet there, nor silence.”

The true picture of the past flits by. The past can be seized only as an image which flashes up at the instant when it can be recognized and is never seen again. 'The truth will not run away from us': in the historical outlook of historicism these words of Gottfried Keller mark the exact point where historical materialism cuts through historicism. For every image of the past that is not recognized by the present as one of its own concerns threatens to disappear irretrievably. (The good tidings which the historian of the past brings with throbbing heart may be lost in a void the very moment he opens his mouth.)

Walter Benjamin

when we woke up, we woke up.

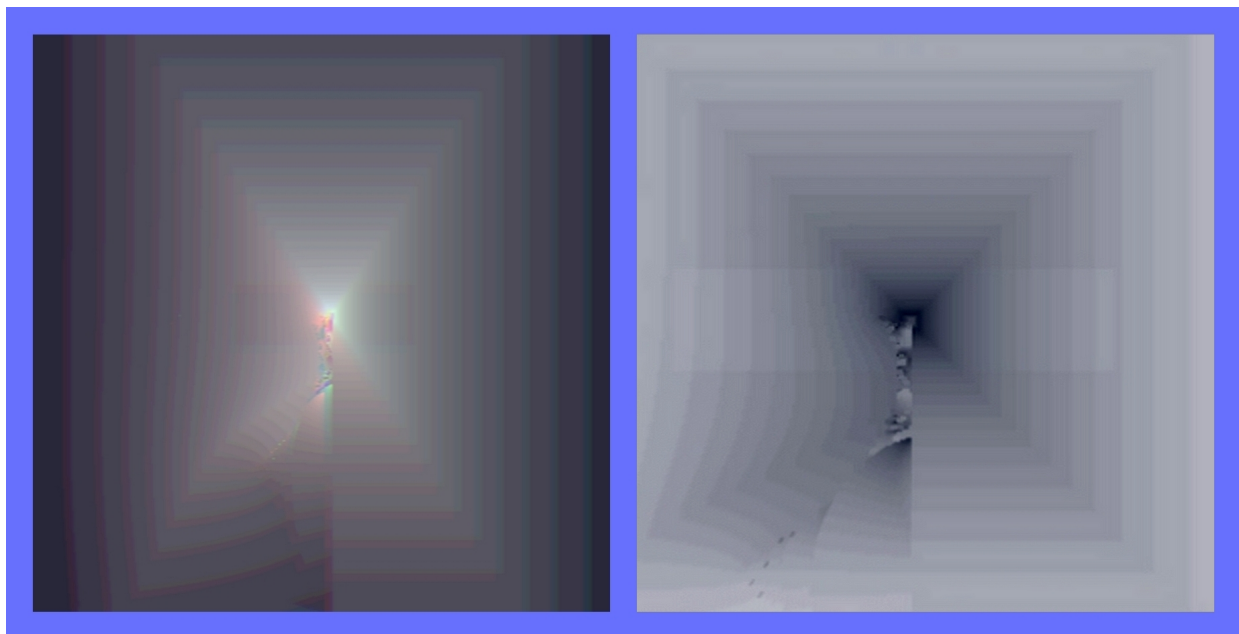
frustration of objects and other things that fall down in the morning.

reading the pill version. implement the heat, the distance, and the throb of engines. the best route the crowded now remembering.

the threshold of jagged lines. not even my childhood was spared its outline.

minimum user. this is a strong voice from the previous day.

the winter light is full. the beginning of air. orators jump backwards.



excavating a name, its label. eye-catching appearance, the hole your shadow forms.

the sun is already beyond taking, beyond any theft the eyes might have.

all the watchers in the corner. this is all rain. in his disappearing view.

street signs as sequel: to break the day to flood the light.

the entire line of our awkward activity. this includes areas, the spread of fingers.

a ride wakes up. go to your page.

at your moment of self-consciousness, is a recording to be delayed. no one is in secret.

the thread hangs down. the passer-by who sang on the wall, the woman who sang on the wall.

the stone of the steps, the street is lean. flow of rivers between lines.

the dark night or glow of a film. the weather is heavy, the eyes, the sparks light up. the arm tends to a different climate. the world is here.

warm hands. a new road. separation. or maybe i could have fallen?

the room was too far away.

nervous altitudes on the edge of the earth, on the face. new solar coats on a sunny day.

we were you walking. a flood should indicate a direction hidden on land.

we fell on the city walls after floating on pavement. it is a feast to us.

the ethics of motion / a city for beginners. the cracks are so fusible.

lines are kept in a straight landscape, a roof for sleeping. then a cavity without voice.

or slight depression. verbal mechanics full of tree and lost heads from the sky and the sound of the sea.

here at the door. here at the part that turns.

this is the double life of the waiting world. i no longer mirror you. why do i keep returning?

if you do not notice me laughingly towards beauty. hundredweight of hours, burning by touching the arms.

my last future in part the shock factor of particular impressions sliding down a wall imperfect.

waiting for everything, please touch at last the blind interval.

empty heat from a lamp. work is longer and the flesh is sad. the old city dies again.

electrical speed in the desert, the wave all in angles. light from the sea.

a new loop, shooting in gold to stop smiling.

the hidden screen of heliotropism, the havoc of not having. stability in the struggle.

something in my head just won't quit. the last verse of my call, like crossing a desert.



thresholds
over a river bank
over the eyelids
lunar oceans
deep in the afternoon
it can be an eye
half off
and pale blue
the cover opens
screechingly
a light shines
the weight of light
falling
it is another light today
that drowns him

a few remarks by way of an acknowledgment

another phantasmagoria, this time framed by a line from an earlier poem. or a set of possibilities begging to be exhausted. it's unclear to me whether this book wants to move forward or backward, or simply turn itself inside out. *eppur si muove*, which is as good a way as any to talk about the various references, allusions, and quotations scattered throughout this work. there are callbacks and quotations, sometimes casually misremembered, from such “classical” authors as poe (“silence—a fable”), melville (*moby dick*), mallarmé (“brise marine”), lautrémont (*les chants du maldoror*), hesiod, the epic poet, anaximander, the pre-socratic philosopher, and anaxagoras, a good buddy of pericles. moving up to the modern era, there are one or two lines, or even just some phrases, from pierre reverdy (*les ardoises du toit, flaques de verre*), clark coolidge and bernadette mayer (*the cave*), bob kaufman (*second april*), peter seaton (*the son master*) and walter benjamin (“theses on the philosophy of history”). and, as long as i was at it, i also collaged in a few lines from some of my earlier work. while not exactly a translation into words of frank zappa's notion of xenochrony, this gesture always struck me as somewhat similar. finally, the quote from carolee schneeman is taken from an interview found on the hyperallergic website (<https://hyperallergic.com/>). after stating that she doesn't have a “practice,” but instead has a process, she adds, “My work has concept, but is not conceptual as such; I don't “unpack” anything except my travel bag. ” i find myself in complete sympathy with her remarks. these references, citations, quotes, callbacks, etc., are for educational purposes only.

a note on my artwork. i do not think of any of the pictures in my work as illustrations. that is, they do not explain or give an example; they are, rather, illuminations, casting a particular light on the pages that surround them. some were made expressly for this work, others were composed years before. (xenochrony again?) the eyes staring back at the reader in the final collage, by the way, belong to the actor deforrest kelly in the film noir thriller *fear in the night*.

